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length portraits of sovereigns and other distinguished personages, among which are comprised King Charles the Second; King William the Third, and his Queen, Mary; Queen Anne, and her consort, George, Prince of Denmark, with various others; Lords Lieutenant, Chancellors, and Lords Justices: on the fourth side of the hall is a gallery, supported by brackets beautifully carved, to represent cherubs, which leads from the apartments of the Commander of the Forces (who is always governor of the hospital) to the chapel.

The entrance to the chapel is at the east end of the hall; over it is placed the royal arms—and hanging in melancholy grandeur, a few tattered standards wave, memorials of a bloody field. The chapel is heavy, but respectable; eighty feet in length by forty in breadth. The ceiling and altar-piece are well worthy of attentive examination: the former is divided into geometrical compartments, each enriched with the most elaborate ornament in stucco—consisting of fruit, flowers, cherubim and drapery—all executed and arranged in the most finished and attractive manner. The altar-screen is composed of Irish oak; it is a design of the Corinthian order, and covered with carving of the most beautiful description—it is said to be the work of the celebrated Grindling Gibbons.

The total expense of erecting this hospital was twenty three thousand five hundred and fifty-nine pounds, which was defrayed by a deduction of sixpence in the pound sterling out of the pay of all officers, privates, and other persons on the military list of the Irish establishment. The support of the institution was for many years derived from the same source, but the whole of the current expense is now defrayed by the government. The number of in-pensioners are, according to the rules of the foundation, to be three hundred in number.

R. A.

#### MURTOUGH OGE, THE OUTLAW.

Murtough Oge O'Sullivan was the descendant of a princely line of ancestors, whose wide possessions extended along the rock-bound shores of Bearhaven. He had just arrived to manhood—was above six feet high—and his frame combined gigantic strength with the most faultless symmetry. His immediate relations were dead, and the heritage of his fathers in the occupation of strangers. The world was all before him;—but among the various pursuits that engrossed the attention of the multitude, he saw no occupation within his reach. The sword afforded the only method of cutting through the gordian knot that bound his lot to poverty. He embarked for France—and after ten years of active service he saw himself raised to proud eminence in the military profession, and possessed of a competence, the reward of his merit, sufficient to render his future life free and independent.

When O'Sullivan left his native country, his nearest relations there were a widowed aunt, and her orphan son. At the period to which we have alluded above, this son was grown to man's estate, and, like most of his countrymen, was brave and unthinking. The practice of smuggling was then carried on to a great extent along the south and the western coast of Ireland; many of the respectable Irish families embarked in the illegal traffic, and to defraud the revenue, in the estimation of the Irish of that period, was considered a matter of boast, and certainly by no means, of disgrace. Unfortunately for young Denis he became attached to a gang of smugglers.—They wanted such a leader—his great popularity in that wild district could secure them a safe asylum for their persons and merchandize; and his resolution in danger, and headlong bravery in action, were most necessary to men who had to evade the pursuit, and frequently brave the attack, of the revenue cutter on the deep, and of the excisemen, with their train of red-coats and busy informers on land. He realised their fondest hopes. The brig he commanded was the swiftest sailer—and his perfect knowledge of the coast always enabled him to baffle the vigilance of the king's vessels, as he sought to introduce the wine and brandy of France to the palates of his countrymen. Indeed, it often happened that when the cutter gave chase,

and the smuggler seemed to shorten sail, as if fired in the pursuit, or panic-struck by the occasional shot which cut along her rigging, or boomed harmless over the waves from the deck of the pursuing cutter, that she unaccountably disappeared at the instant. The armed boat sent to explore the bay or creek where the smuggler might have sought temporary shelter, returned unsuccessful from the search. The flight and disappearance of the brig afforded strange matter of cogitation to the cutter's crew, according as their minds were imbued with education or wild superstition: those declared the matter to be wholly unexplicable; and these averred that this was no other than a phantom ship sent by the fairies of the ocean to lure them to their doom on the fearful rocks of that iron-bound coast. A tall cliff that projected its slanting side into the sea, hid from observation the narrow mouth of a cove within which the brig suddenly glided, and was completely landlocked. The sea-lane (if I may use the word) that led into this cove ran obliquely between cliffs so close and precipitous, that a few brave men, couched on each side, could, without risk to themselves, destroy a dozen armed boats attempting to force an entrance, by only hurling down the loose masses of rock which surmounted the granite walls that overhung, with fearful threatening, the dark waves below. It required the utmost stretch of pilotage to guide the brig along this narrow way, for the rigging of the vessel almost touched the opposite rocks, but within the cove afforded complete shelter. Here was also a cave, the joint effort of nature and art, in which the contraband cargo was stowed in safety till the proper time arrived for transporting it to the different places of destination. The mouth of this cave was overflowed at high water, and led by a gentle ascent to a vault strewn with the finest sand; and the interior received light and air from a fissure in the rock above, to which art had given a funnel-like shape.—This cove was the brig's place of concealment, and this cave the safe retreat of the smugglers, and the depository of their store, where they could set all the harpies of the revenue at complete defiance.

At length Denis O'Sullivan reached the goal of his desperate career. One night, in the month of October, he prepared to escort a quantity of French brandy to a neighbouring town. About ten pack horses conveyed the illicit liquor, and his party consisted of twelve stout fellows, who often before achieved a service of danger. But a person in the confidence of one of the party, who got intimation of this midnight excursion, was induced by the hope of reward, to betray the route of the smugglers to one Puxley, a revenue officer. The road led through a rocky district, and upon arriving at a particular pass in which the road wound round the edge of a precipitous descent, where the rough rocks rose above, and a mountain torrent foamed and fretted its winding course below, the moon suddenly showed her round orb emerging from the sea, and shedding her first faint light on the smugglers, tinged the purple cliffs that rose above them with a silver shade. Then was a human form observed to rise above the tall rocks that overhung the narrow way—he bore in his hand a long gun—his height seemed above the usual stature of men, as he drew up his figure to its full length on the high cliff, and bid the smugglers stand and surrender in the king's name.

"And who art thou," said O'Sullivan, "that presumest to utter that audacious command?"

"I am," said he, "a revenue officer; I wish to apprise you of your present situation, and thereby to prevent the effusion of blood. The road is lined with soldiers—your retreat is cut off—and you rush forward to certain destruction. I again request that you will submit to the king's mercy."

After a moment's consultation with his followers, the leader of the gang answered—

"We know the tender mercies of your king, and none of my party are yet ambitious of gracing a gibbet;—we are well armed, and the boldest of your soldiers may rue our unerring aim. At the worst it is but to die—and better to die like men than basely yield without a struggle."

"Your blood then be upon your own heads, infatuated men," said Puxley, retiring beyond the cliff,

In proportion to the magnitude of their danger did the reckless bravery of these desperate men appear. They rushed forward, with a wild and piercing shout, in front of the horses, which might otherwise have served to screen them from the fire of the military. The next brief moment brought them in view of the soldiers, who poured an ill-directed fire upon them, for not a man fell. The smugglers fired in return—the soldiers recoiled—those pursued the advantage till the guns of the opposing parties met muzzle to muzzle. In that hour of strife, Puxley, the revenue officer, who the moment before evinced so laudable an anxiety to prevent the flow of human blood, and who did not mingle in the fray, but lay couched on a ledge of the rock, presented his long gun at O'Sullivan, and fired with sure and murderous aim. The fatal ball pierced his side, and as he felt the mortal stroke, he sprang from the ground to a considerable height, then descending in the struggle of death, he reeled to the earth—and as his head met the flinty rock, the butt end of a musket in some ruffian hand, unnecessarily scattered his brains about.—When his party saw their leader fall, they resigned all thoughts of maintaining the fray; with one wild effort they broke through the enemy, and escaping under favour of the night, left their leader and two others of their party dead, while the military had six killed and as many more desperately wounded.

The remains of Denis O'Sullivan were conveyed to his mother's house; and as the woe-struck woman poured her maternal despair over the remains of her unfortunate son, in the *ecce* which is usual on these mournful occasions,—she besought heaven that the wild fox of the hill would lap the heart's blood of her orphan's murderer!—and the raven of the valley flap her sable wing over his lifeless carcass! This dreadful imprecation reached the ears of Puxley: filled with cruel revenge, he assembled a party that surrounded the house of the wretched woman, and set it on fire. As the flames rose through the roof, one, more compassionate than the rest, suffered the almost suffocated inhabitant to escape through a window. A cat was the only living thing that remained inside; and as the devouring flames cut off every place of refuge, the screams of the poor animal, which strongly resembled the shrieks of human despair, were heart-rending; and Puxley mistaking them for the death-cries of his human victim, ferociously exclaimed, "now the old witch may utter her curses in hell."

A year after these dreadful transactions took place, Murtough Oge O'Sullivan, came to reside in his native country; and learned the sad fate of his cousin, and the cruel wrongs of his aunt, from her own lips. She urged him on her blessing to revenge the death of her son—and the soldier but too faithfully kept the injunction. The usual mode of seeking to slay an enemy in single combat he could not resort to, for a penal statute prohibited him the use of fire-arms, or even the sword, which was at that time worn as the common mark of gentility. But Murtough Oge, spurred on to vengeance, waylaid Puxley, and shot him through the head. The body of the revenue officer lay where it fell undiscovered for some days; and the tradition of that district has it, that the wild fox and the raven literally fulfilled the malediction of the widow. The government immediately outlawed the murderer, and set a price on his head. He defended himself in a castellated residence on the border of the sea; and such were his personal bravery and mode of resistance, that the numerous parties which the hope of reward had led to attempt his capture, were always repulsed. The outlaw led this precarious and desperate life for many years, in utter defiance of the legal authorities.

One night as Murtough Oge and a few trusty friends kept watch in his strong hold, he felt an unusual depression of spirits. The fire that erewhile blazed brightly on the ample hearth, now decayed in its own ashes; and the occasional light of the dying embers, as it shed a faint glare upon the tall forms and ferocious features around him, was not calculated to dispel the gloom of his heart. Plunged in a deep reverie, he brought to his mind's eye all the varied scenes of his past life,—and he sighed at the sad retrospect. Among the faithful few that shared his desperate fortunes, was a harper—a last lingering child of

the interesting minstrel race. This son of song had fallen upon evil days;—but he found himself in the house of his natural protector, for the O'Daly's were, in the olden day, the hereditary bards of the O'Sullivan Beara.

"O'Daly," said the outlaw, "my heart is desponding and low; the music of your *clarseach* might lay the spirit of melancholy; but let your song be one of sadness, for your strains of joy must be reserved for happier hours."

The hoary minstrel took his harp, and after a short irregular prelude, he played a wild, melancholy strain, which he accompanied with his voice: and this was the burden of his song.

"Once upon a time there lived in a strong castle on a tall cliff by the wild sea, a chieftain; and his name went through the remotest ends of the land—for he was the scourge of the oppressor, and the hope of the defenceless. But these noble qualities drew upon him the hatred of certain great men, who bore evil report of him to the high king; and the king gave credit to the report, and summoned the chieftain before him to answer for his alleged crimes: but the chieftain refused to obey, for he saw that to comply would put his life in danger: and then he was outlawed, and a price set upon his head.

"Then the chieftain fortified his castle, and set watchmen in the towers to give notice of the enemy's approach; and foiled all attempts to take him captive, till one of his own followers at last betrayed him for gold; and the enemy surprised him—and he was taken and put to death."

At this part of the song one Scully, a confidential domestic of the outlaw's groaned deeply. It was not a groan caused by bodily pain, but such a groan of mental agony as might be produced by the keenest sting of remorse.

"Then the betrayer of his master rose to distinction; and he became rich, and fitted out a strong ship, with which he traded to foreign parts.

"And as he was returning from a distant port with his vessel richly laden, a dreadful storm arose; the raging winds tore the sails to shreds—and the masts were shivered to splinters. The sailors manfully braved the storm, and struggled hard for life: but a cry of horror burst from the crew when they perceived a small boat ahead of the ship, in which sat a figure of fierce and threatening aspect, and eyes that seemed to glare ruin on them all. This small boat glided unharmed in the storm towards the rocky shore, and the ship, by some strange attraction, followed in its wake."

A second groan, which roused them that heard it into fearful alarm.

"As they rapidly neared the rocks, the boat that bore the spectre approached the ship, and in a voice that rose above the tempest of the deep, he threatened to sink them to the bottom of the sea, if the captain were not given up to him without delay.

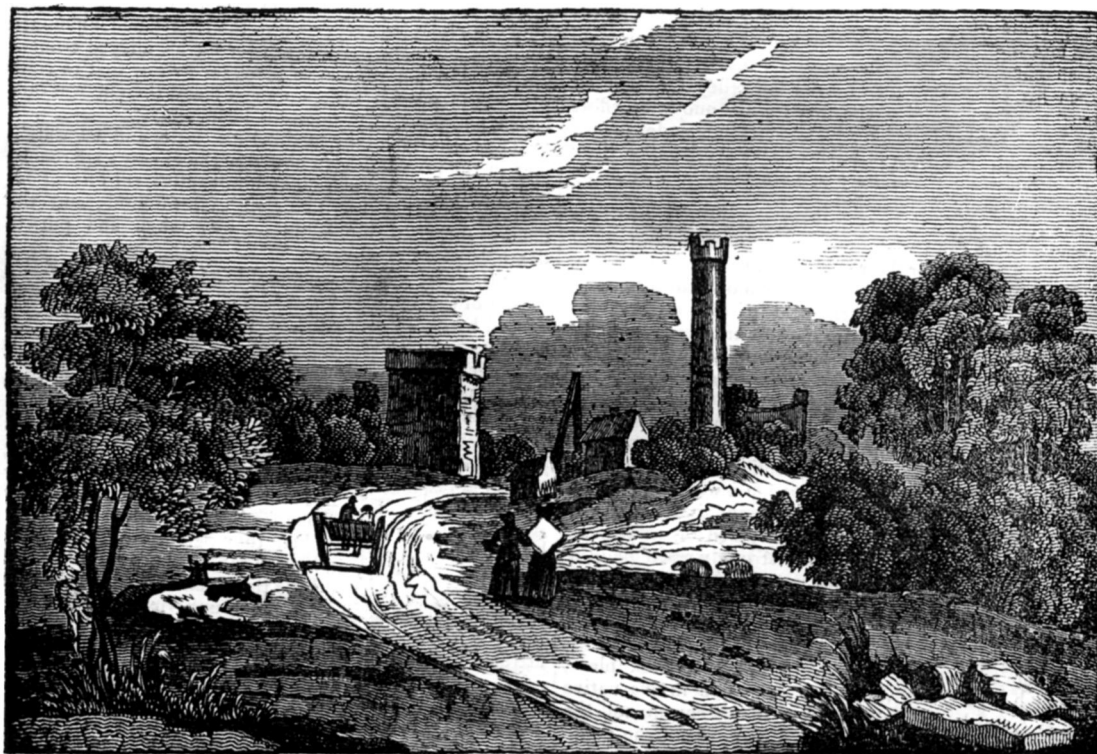
"The sailors for their own safety, bound the devoted wretch, and lowered him into the small boat; and as the dreadful spectre and his guilty victim retired through the troubled sea, the tempest abated: and while the despairing shrieks of the mortal, and the exulting yells of the spectre pierced the vault of heaven, the boat and its freightage sunk beneath the yawning waters."

Here the feelings of Scully were excited to madness: he sprang from his seat exclaiming, "I am that murderous traitor!—I have betrayed my master, and sold the precious blood of an O'Sullivan;" then falling at the outlaw's feet, and presenting his dagger, "Sheath this," he said, "in my perjured heart, and rid the world of a ruffian."

At this brief moment the trampling of feet gave meaning to Scully's incoherent language, for the house was surrounded with armed men. Its inmates were determined to fight to the last extremity, but this desperate resource was denied them. The villainous Scully, whom the strangely coincident song of the bard had roused to a horror of his treachery, had betrayed his master, and rendered all the fire-arms useless by soaking their contents with water.—Here we are enabled to record an act of devoted attachment on the part of the outlaw's fosterer, whose name likewise was O'Sullivan. In this hour of peril he generously resolved to procure his master's safety by his own

death. Having attired himself in the usual dress of the outlaw, he rushed, sword in hand, against the soldiery—every musket was levelled at the brave man, and he fell beneath a shower of bullets. The work of destruction was but begun; the house was fired in every direction, and as the inmates rushed from the flames, the leaden messengers of death arrested their farther flight. No trace of the miserable Scully was ever after found; and it is supposed that his despair induced him to perish in the flames. As Murtough Oge himself attempted to escape at a private outlet, a gentleman of the neighbourhood, who guided the troops thither, lying in wait near the spot, and recognizing the noble figure of the fugitive, shot him through the heart. The principal actors in this affair now prepared to convey the outlaw's remains to Cork, and a passage by water was deemed the most eligible

mode of reaching that city. A boat was accordingly procured; but owing either to hatred of the unfortunate Murtough Oge, or to some superstitious observance, or perhaps to a union of both, they would not permit his bloody corpse on board; but the body was bound with a rope to the stern of the vessel, and in that manner trailed along the deep from Bearhaven to Cork. On arriving thither, his head was fixed on the gaol of the south gate and the headless trunk exhibited for many days to the greedy gaze of the multitude, and finally thrown into a pit. Such was the end of Murtough Oge O'Sullivan; his fine natural endowments and social qualities would have dignified any station; but his lot was cast upon evil days, and in the pursuit of revenge, he spurned the laws of God, and incurred the vengeance of that government within whose iron grasp he met his untimely fate.



CASTLE AND ROUND TOWER OF KILDARE.

Very soon after the arrival of the English in this country, the town of Kildare came into their possession. It was then famous as a place of learning and piety; and a castle was erected by De Vescy, to whom the town and district around were granted, for the protection and defence of his extensive possessions. About the year 1290, a quarrel of a very violent nature arose between the Lord of Ophaly, and William de Vescy, then Earl of Kildare and Lord Justice of Ireland. Fitz Thomas of Ophaly offered to decide the dispute according to the chivalrous custom of the times, by single combat in the lists, and God protect and defend the just cause. De Vescy refused: and then Fitz Thomas laid his cause before the king; when the king deprived De Vescy of the town and manor of Kildare, and most of his other possessions, which he granted to the Lord of Ophaly, who then became the first Earl of Kildare of the line of Geraldine. This latter circumstance took place about the year 1316, after the De Vescys holding the property by the right of arms for upwards of a century.

In the year 1294, the Prince of *Hy Falia*, called Colbrach O'Connor, invaded the English possession, and took the castle of Kildare, and burned all the records and deeds of the manor; and, as the old account has it, destroyed the *tallies*, a species of wooden accounts kept between lord and menial, at a time when writing was considered a

very high attainment. O'Connor held possession upwards of twelve years, and was then defeated by the Lord Ophaly, and obliged to return to his own district, in what is now called the King's county, and county of Westmeath. *Hy Falia* was composed of a union of the *Hy Maghlonagh*, *Hy Da Leigh*, *Hy Conair*, &c., or the country of the O'Malones, O'Dalys, O'Melaghlin, (now M'Loughlin) O'Connors, &c., comprising a very extensive tract in Leinster. In 1309, a parliament was held in Kildare, but the records must have been destroyed, as there is no account of the nature of the business transacted. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth this town was made the theatre of repeated depredations; being plundered several times, and the inhabitants massacred or obliged to fly. Bishop O'Daly was turned out of his house, almost naked, three times, and all his property carried away; so that the town was reduced to a heap of deserted ruins, with scarcely a single inhabitant.

In 1643, the castle was repaired and a garrison placed in it by the Earl of Castlehaven, and Kildare began again to assume the appearance of a town; as the protection afforded by the garrison encouraged the people to come and build houses again. During the wars of the period, the cathedral was nearly destroyed—having the steeple beaten down by cannon.

In 1647 this town was taken by Colonel Jones, but it